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much probably valuable material, for when many an ancient grave has 776
been opened and nothing but pottery and bits of bronze or iron found, 777
the treasure-seekers, enraged that the gold should have thus been 789
turned to rubbish because they did not know the formula, have smashed it all into small fragments.

One way to find treasure is to spread a layer of wood-ash over the 777
spot where it is believed to lie. Next morning, if it bears the footprint 782
of any bird or beast—a fox, sheep, etc.—such a creature must be sacrificed upon the spot. A black animal or bird with no touch of white on it is particularly efficacious.

In many places I had to declare to the headmen that I had not come to search for treasure.

Those good days are past. Albania is now being searched for petroleum, and, unless the kindly earth refuses to give it up, the land will be devoured by foreign speculators.

I was once taken a weary tramp in Berisha to see and explain a 777
marvel. On a great mass of rock was a slight hollow into which a man's 789
hand would fit, and near it a depression that was supposed to be like a mule's hoof-print. Both were natural weatherings of the rock. But the native theory was that ages ago, when the rock was soft, a man had hidden a treasure and made the rock flow over it. He had then marked the spot with his hand and the hoof-mark of his beast. Unless the right formula could be obtained there was nothing for it but to quarry and blast the huge mass, and without the formula even this might not avail. I vainly said the marks meant nothing. My excited escort would not let me leave till I had "written" (i.e. drawn) the marks, and promised that if learned men in England could explain them I would return and show them how to find the treasure.

"Hoof-marks" are favourite things in the Balkans. One was shown me on the shores of Lake Presba and ascribed to Sharatz, the magic horse of Marko Kralyevitch; and in a cave on the slopes of the Lovchen in Montenegro I was shown, as a great marvel, a small roundish depression—a hoof-mark, also "made when the rock was soft." Krsto thought it possible that Marko Kralyevitch had once stabled Sharatz here, and several people asked my opinion about it. In the long weary [517]
hours, when watching goats on the mountains, men ponder over such trifles and build fancies upon them. Weary and weary are those endless hours. I never met anyone who did not speak with hate of the watching of beasts he had had to do when young. Often was I asked to build a factory where a man would be given enough bread for a day's labour and no longer have to watch goats on the mountain. The foreigner is now starting works; I doubt if they bring the expected happiness. 777

In the hill-side on the left of the road from Djakova to Prizren I 772

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A 777 772 [776] was told there is a magic cave which contains an ancient city. No living being is in it, but the bazaar is full of every fine fruit, flesh, and garment. Few have reached it, for it is guarded by the "ore." One man wandered in, and was untouched till he tried to pick up something in the bazaar. Fiery serpents darted at him, his torch went out, and with great difficulty he reached the entrance, where he was found unconscious. Poisonous gases are, no doubt, the explanation. No one would undertake to guide me to the place.

3. Witches and Magic in Montenegro

M 754 Witches in Montenegro and all Serb-speaking lands are called "vjeshtitza." I was assured that they used to exist but did not now; but in fact they were still believed in. Here as in Albania it was believed that a witch could enter a house in the form of an insect and suck blood. Iké always hastened to kill a moth which entered the hut, and remarked that they did no good; and I have heard "Perhaps it is a vjeshtitza" murmured. Witches could sail upon water in the shell of an egg eaten on the 1st of March. Iké always smashed all egg-shells at once, saying it was best to do so, but gave no reason. Many people in England habitually smash their egg-shells—a custom probably handed down from days when a similar belief existed.

M [681] Witches, I was told, were stoned to death in old days if they were known to have killed anyone. As in many other lands, the test for a witch was to bind her and throw her into water. If she floated, she was a witch. This had happened, I was told, within the recollection of still-living persons. Medakovitch, writing of the eighteen-fifties, says that a blood-feud was caused by a fight, in which four men were killed, which arose over an attempt to duck a woman of the Raitchevitches.

M [393 843] While I was in Montenegro it was still the duty of the bride's brothers to guard her till the svatovi fetched her, lest some evil person should tie a knot in the fringes of her "strukka" (straight shawl, worn like a plaid)—for, if so, she would miscarry or bear a deformed child. Many knots would make delivery impossible.

M 791 I never heard a witch openly referred to, but there was talk of mysterious women "who knew many things." These supplied drugs and charms to ease labour and cause the childless to bear.

M 789 But I did not learn how these spells were made. In Serbia are still rites carried out which necessitate that the witch shall stand stark-naked under a tree at night. This suggests the holy trees and groves of old Slavonic beliefs.

M 278 789 A favourite medium for making magic ointment, I was told, is wax